I wondered at the new life, and worshipped it because of its beauty. When it suddenly carne to an end, I was thunderstruck; and refused at first to consent to the separation, which was arranged for me in much the same way as my marriage had been.

The whole thing was managed by those kind friends whose chief business in life seems to be the care of others. I don't blame them. There are cases where no one is to blame. " There do exist such things as honest misunder-standings,*' as Charles Reade was always impressing on rne at a later time. There were no vulgar accusations on either side, and the words I read in the deed of separation, " in-compatibility of temper "—a mere legal phrase—wore than covered the ground. Truer still would have been "in-compatibility of *occupation*" and the interference of well-rneaning friends* We all suffer from that sort of thing. Pray God one be not a well-meaning friend one's self !

" The marriage was not a happy one," they will probably say after my death, and I forestall them by saying that it in many ways was very happy indeed. What bitterness there was effaced itself in a very remarkable way.

I saw Mr. Watts but once face to face after the separation. We met in the street at Brighton, and he told me that I had grown ! I was never to speak to him again. But years later, after I had appeared at the Lyceum and had made some success in the world, I was in the garden of a house which adjoined Mr. Watts's new Little Holland House, and he, in his garden, saw me through the hedge. It was then

that I received from him the first letter that I had had for years. In this letter he told me that he had watched my success with eager interest, and asked rne to shake hands with him in spirit. ” What success I may have/* he wrote, " will he very incomplete and unsatisfactory if you cannot do what I have long been hesitating to ask. If